

Ila

But are you not his friend ?
 Will
 you not save him ? A king is
 in
 danger, and will you suffer it
 as a
 King ? Are you not honour-
 bound
 to succour him ? I know that
 all the
 world loved him. But where
 are they,
 in his time of misfortune ?
 Sire, you
 are great in power, but what
 is your
 power for, if you do not help
 the
 great ? Can you keep yourself
 aloof ?
 Then show me the way,—I will
 offer
 my life for him,—the one,
 weak
 woman.

Vikram

Love him, love him with all
 you
 have—Love him, who is the
 King of
 your precious heart. I have
 lost my
 love's heaven myself,—but
 let me
 have the happiness to make
 yoti
 happy, I will not covet your
 love.—
 The withered branch cannot
 hope to